Enter Will Kempe.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.
Fidler. Why harts ease?
Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies, my hart (is full:
O play me some merrie dumpe to comfort me.
Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Pet, You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.
Min. What will you giue vs?
Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.
Min. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the seruing creatures dagger on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, ile re you, ile fa
You, do you note me?
Min. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs,
2 *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit,
Then haue at you with my wit,
Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my (yron dagger.
Answere me like men,
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound, why musicke with her siluer sound, what say you Simon Catling?
Min. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.
Pet. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will say for you; it is musicke with her siluer sound;
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse, *Exit.*

Min.

Min. What a pestilent kn
M. 2. Hang him Iacke, co
Mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter Rom

Ro. If I may trust the flatte
My dreames presage some ioy
My bosomes L. sits lightly in
And all this day an vnaccusto
Lifts me aboue the ground wi
I dreamt my Lady came and f
Strange dreame that giues a d
And breathd such life with ki
That I reuiude and was an En
Ah me, how sweet is loue it s
When but loues shadowes ar

Enter Romeo

Newes from *Verona*, how no
Dost thou not bring me Lett
How doth my Lady, is my Fa
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? th
For nothing can be ill, if she b
Man. Then she is well, an
Her body sleepes in *Capels* m
And her immortall part with
I saw her laid low in her kind
And presently tooke poste to
O pardon me for bringing th
Since you did leaue it for my
Ro. Is it euen so? then I de
Thou knowest my lodging,
And hire poste horses, I will h
Man. I do beseech you s
Your lookes are pale and wil
Some misaduenture.
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd
Leaue me, and do the thing I

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